THE STORY OF THE ICE.

Herald Special Reports from Dundee and St. Johns.

Dr. Bessel and Engineer Schumann on the Death of Hall.

HE DIED OF APOPLEXY.

An Emphatic Denial to the Poison Rumors.

THEY AROSE FROM HALLUCINATIONS.

Fears of Being Shot and Dread of Being Poisoned.

"If I Die You Must Still Go On to the Pole."

THE JUNIATA TO AWAIT THE TIGRESS.

Letters of Credit from Greenland's Icy Mountains.

THE JUNIATA AT UPERNAVIK.

Revelations of the Inspector of Greenland.

INSUBORDINATION ON THE POLARIS.

Allegations Requiring Answers from Dr. Bessel.

What Hall Knew of the Franklin Expedition—Cannibalism.

The Tigress at Littleton Island.

Particulars of the Finding of the Deserted Camp.

Graphic Descriptions of Arctic Scenery and Voyaging.

LAND, SEA, ICE AND SNOW.

TELEGRAMS TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

LONDON, Sept. 20, 1873.

The following despatch has been received here from a correspondent of the NEW YORK HERALD at Dundee, Scotland. It contains the views, in brief, of some of the survivors of the Polaris:—

DUNDEE, Sept. 20, 1873.

I had a long conversation with Dr. Emil Bessel, chief of the scientific corps on the late Polaris expedition, and among the rescued at this port. I give the main points of his statement. He said:—

DR. BESSEL'S STATEMENT.

We are much surprised to find from the American papers that several rumors of mischievous tendency, which I must characterize as silly and absurd, have been put into circulation concerning the expedition, and particularly concerning the death of Captain Hall.

THE EXPLORER DIED A NATURAL DEATH.

It is just possible that the government at Washington would prefer that we reserve what we have to say for a graver occasion, but we must emphatically contradict the statement that Captain Hall died any other than a natural death.

CAUSE OF DEATH.

He died of apoplexy. He was ill about a fortnight. He appeared in perfect health when entering on the voyage. I noticed nothing unusual in his health up to the period of his illness.

THE POISON RUMOR TOO ABSURD.

The rumors that he was poisoned are too absurd to be seriously entertained. The rumor may have been founded on the hallucinations of the raving patient.

ENGINEER SCHUMANN SPEAKS.

Emil Schumann, the chief engineer, in the course of a conversation, said:—

HALL'S FEAR OF BEING SHOT.

Captain Hall during his illness was in continual apprehension of being shot, but I was not aware that any one member of the crew more than another excited his suspicion.

THE POISON HALLUCINATION.

Another phase of his mania was his determination not to eat or drink unless his food was first tasted by some person. This was mainly done by Hannah, the Esquimau woman.

When he rallied and recovered for a while the use of his intellect he would say to Captain Buddington:—

"If I die you must still go on to the Pole."

He would say repeatedly:—

"It is my last wish that you strive to reach the Pole. Don't let my death be a hinderrance to the accomplishment of this great undertaking."

DATE OF DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK.

A cable message has been received by the American Consul here ordering the despatch of the crew by the first steamer to New York. Consequently, they will leave next Tuesday, the 23d instant. Buddington, Bessel and Schumann will leave also.

The Orders to the Juniata.

ST. JOHNS', N. F., Sept. 20, 1873.

The Juniata has been ordered to await here the arrival of the Tigress, and then to proceed to New York.

THE GOVERNMENT SEARCH.

The Juniata at Upernavik—Revelations of the Danish Inspector, H. Krarup Smith—The Dissensions Among the Officers of the Polaris—Effect on Hall's Mind—His Hopes and Fears—Starting the Little Juniata—The Search of the Tigress at Littleton Island—Finding the Deserted Camp—An Over-Hasty Investigation and Return South.

LAITUDE 73 21 10, LONGITUDE 56 05 45 W., UNITED STATES STEAM LAUNCH LITTLE JUNIATA, TESSUISAK, Greenland, August 2, 1873.

From this, the most northern settlement of the civilized globe, really commences the search for the exploring steamer Polaris and her missing crew. Their whereabouts is still a mystery. Here it was that Captain Hall dated his last despatch to the Navy Department, just as he went forth on his fatal Arctic voyage in 1871. The final words of the brave explorer were hopeful in the extreme. "There is," he wrote, "every reason to rejoice that everything pertaining to the expedition, under the rulings of High Heaven, is in a far more prosperous and substantially successful condition than even I had hoped or prayed for." So far as the equipment of the vessel was concerned this was true to the letter, for never was an Arctic expedition more completely fitted out; but whether he expressed the state of his own feelings; whether, in view of the dissensions on board the Polaris all the way from Holsteinborg to Disco, where, through the intervention of the late Captain Davenport, commanding the United States steamer Congress, the fast kindling flame of jealousy was temporarily checked, only to burst forth again with increased fury when restraint was gone; whether, taking into account his own sad forebodings before he bade adieu to civilization, and to which I shall have occasion to refer, he did not exaggerate the harmonious co-operation of some of his ambitious subordinates, there is room for the gravest doubt. Howbeit Hall started on his perilous mission in no happy frame of mind, and if the facts reported both here and at Upernavik be correct he had good cause for disquietude.

THE ROYAL INSPECTOR OF NORTH GREENLAND.

Mr. H. Krarup Smith, a trustworthy gentleman, of superior attainments, revealed to me a few days ago a state of affairs existing prior to the departure of the Polaris from Godhavn which, while it relieves Captain Sidney O. Buddington from a large share of the suspicion his boisterous demeanor generally excited, inculpates others who, Mephistophelean like, fomented the troubles that finally proved fatal to the success of the expedition. Mr. Smith, with his family, resides at Godhavn, the chief settlement on Disco Island, and being, moreover, one of the leading officials in that part of the country, receives and treats with all visitors, scientific or otherwise. When the Polaris arrived there Mr. Smith placed the government storehouse at the disposal of Captain Hall as a depot of supplies and in other respects evinced a great interest in the preliminary arrangements for the voyage. It may be inferred, then, that, aside from those immediately connected with the undertaking, he knew more of the *casus belli* on board than any other living man. Being obliged at stated periods to visit each of the districts and subordinate stations within his inspectorate, Mr. Smith was absent when the Juniata arrived at Godhavn, but in company with Commander Braine I had the good fortune to met him at Upernavik, where he voluntarily disclosed what he claimed to be

THE TRUE SECRET OF THE ILL TIMED SCHEMES AND SQUABBLES

on the Polaris. First of all, he was not, he said, surprised to hear of Hall's death. "I pitied him," he continued, "from the bottom of my heart. To me he imparted the source of all his troubles and a more distracted man I have seldom seen. My house was open to all the officers of the expedition and I had, of course, every opportunity to learn both sides of the story."

I intimated that an impression prevailed elsewhere that the trouble, as nearly as could be ascertained, arose out of a feeling of misunderstanding upon the point of superiority. "It might appear so," said the Inspector, "to those not acquainted with the facts. But Buddington was only an instrument in the hands of a third party. When Captain Hall arrived at Godhavn he was not at home. He immediately sent Chester with a boat to Rhittenbeck for me and I returned with him. It was not long before I discovered that a very bitter feeling existed on the Polaris, and, although Buddington was ostensibly the cause of the quarrel, that there was in the background a far more dangerous element to contend against."

"In what respect?"

"Let me explain," continued the inspector, becoming deeply interested in the subject and speaking with an earnest appreciation of the situation. "As far as I could learn, no trouble manifested itself until the coast of Greenland was reached. Now it was pretty well understood that Captain Hall was not a scientific or highly educated man, though perfectly competent to command such an expedition as that entrusted to him. Dr. Emil Bessel was chief of the scientific corps and Mr. Frederick Meyers the meteorologist, and to these gentlemen Captain Hall looked for assistance in carrying out the great object of the expedition. From what I heard, however, he was disappointed in that direction; and although Captain Hall, fully realizing the importance of all scientific discoveries, was anxious to afford them every facility, he was nevertheless bound to maintain his own right as commander of the expedition."

"Did Dr. Bessel or Mr. Meyer arrogate to himself any authority not vested in him as an officer of the expedition?"

SOMETHING FOR SERGEANT MEYER TO EXPLAIN.

"Captain Hall told me in a despondent tone that both Bessel and Meyer carried on their operations without regard to his authority. For instance, when Hall requested Meyer to take an observation, he refused to do so on the ground that he was responsible only to the government for his actions. Then commenced the dissensions on board which broke for ever the harmony that had previously prevailed. I believe that Meyer acted as the mouthpiece of Bessel, who was undoubtedly an able man. In fact, it is my sincere conviction that Dr. Bessel, well knowing his own superior qualifications as a scientist, and apprehensive lest the result of his labors would redound to the credit of Captain Hall, secretly conspired against him, using Buddington and Meyer as the instruments by which to carry out his designs."

Dr. Emil Bessel, I may here state, was a graduate of the University of Heidelberg and a man of high reputation as a scientist. He was formerly attached to the German (Gotha) expedition in the Albert, which left Bremen about four years ago, under the auspices of Dr. Petermann, who strongly endorsed Dr. Bessel.

Somewhat surprised at the statement of the Inspector concerning the movements of the chief scientist, and to which little or no reference had been made during the investigation at Washington, I inquired the reason that had led him to such a strange conclusion.

"Captain Hall's own words," replied the Inspector. "After the Polaris left Fiskernaes the envious feeling entertained against Hall by some of his subordinates was openly displayed. Aware of Hall's deficiency in scientific knowledge, no opportunity was lost to speak of him in a sneering and contemptuous tone, and as one incompetent to command the expedition. This feeling was fostered and encouraged, and had its effect among the crew. Besides, nearly all the sailors were Germans, and were, of course, very easily influenced by their talented countryman, Dr. Bessel, although as I said before, he kept in the back ground. By the time, however, the vessel reached Holsteinborg, the ill-concealed

ANIMOSITY TOWARDS HALL,

simply because of his position and the supposed honors that awaited him did he prove successful, became so decided that discipline there was none, and the whole ship's company was becoming demoralized. When the Polaris arrived at Holsteinborg there was in the little harbor a Swedish expedition consisting of a brig and a small steamer then on its way home. Mr. Bessel had almost made up his mind to abandon Hall's expedition and return with the Swedes. At the last moment, however, he decided to remain on the Polaris."

"Would his absence have affected the expedition?"

"Most assuredly. He was the only medical man on board, and owing to the existing state of affairs more than half the ship's company would have gone with him. In fact, Bessel was in a position he could not be well done without, and his services were indispensable, and he knew it well, as he subsequently informed me. The impression left on me by Hall's conversation was that no effort was spared to undermine him in the estimation of his crew. Here is another point. I think Dr. Bessel was determined to make the expedition as much German in its character as was possible to do. He had a great deal of influence over the men. In writing letters to *Petermann's Review* he styled the undertaking

THE HALL-BESSEL EXPEDITION,

evidently intending that all the credit should not go to America. But if Bessel was an ambitious man he was certainly a most accomplished physician and naturalist. Indeed, I have rarely met his equal."

"In what way did Captain Buddington show hostility to Captain Hall?"

"I saw very little of Captain Buddington. He was a coarse, ignorant man, and I should judge easily persuaded by those whom he regarded as superior in intellect. But I never heard Captain Hall say that Buddington was his enemy, and he told me everything. On the contrary, from what I understood, he and Buddington were good friends, though whether a friendly feeling existed between them after leaving Disco I cannot say. Captain Hall said it was his express wish that no spirituous liquors should be taken on the Polaris, but that Dr. Bessel had requested and obtained a supply as medical stores by order of the Secretary of the Navy. In reading the testimony taken at Washington I see that Buddington is accused of drunkenness, but I cannot understand how he could have procured the liquor except through Dr. Bessel."

"Did you see much of Captain Hall at Godhavn?"

"Yes, every day while he was there. He was very much excited when he found that Bessel had been working against him. Dr. Bessel also visited my house several times, and being a scientific student myself I had an opportunity of forming a good opinion of his capabilities. But he spoke very disparagingly of Captain Hall, claiming that he was unfit to command the expedition, and that if he (Bessel) left it all the Germans would follow him. I endeavored to conciliate him, and after a great deal of reasoning he apparently became resigned to his position."

MEYER INSUBORDINATE.

"What was the immediate cause of Captain Davenport's intervention?"

"That I cannot say; but about this time Mr. Meyer became very insubordinate, refusing to recognize the authority of Captain Hall as his superior, and otherwise fomented trouble. At length, when Captain Davenport was appealed to, he promptly suggested the propriety of putting Meyer in irons and taking him back in the Congress, a course that would probably have been adopted but for the threats of Dr. Bessel to abandon the expedition in case Mr. Meyer left the Polaris—a circumstance which would have sealed the fate of the undertaking at the start. As I have already said, Dr. Bessel was the only medical officer on board, and what with his influence over the men and his knowledge as a scientific observer his presence was absolutely necessary."

"How was the difficulty settled?"

"Through the firm action of Captain Davenport and the good offices of the Rev. Dr. Newman, then Chaplain of the Congress. Though sorely perplexed Captain Hall finally accepted the situation. Indeed, there was nothing else for him to do except to abandon the expedition altogether and that would have broken his heart. Under all the circumstances there was evidently

A CONSPIRACY ENTERED INTO AGAINST HALL,

and he struggled hard to counteract its effects. He told me he would endeavor to preserve discipline at all hazards and so long as the Congress remained in the harbor he succeeded. But a prejudice had already been established against Hall, more especially as he had expressed his intention of having his men to eat seal and walrus meat, in order that they could the better stand the severity of the Arctic regions, and I suppose that told to his disadvantage."

"Did you yourself ever notice any display of ill feeling between Captain Hall and Dr. Bessel?"

"Yes. Besides knowing of its existence from conversations I had with both gentlemen, I saw an exhibition of it in my own house. The evening before the Polaris sailed Captain Hall called on me; Dr. Bessel had already arrived. They were at first very reserved toward each other, but finally gave way to

STRONG LANGUAGE.

The situation was not at all agreeable for myself and wife. Dr. Bessel finally left the house, and Captain Hall told me in a very excited manner of the difficulties with which he was surrounded; that he considered Dr. Bessel was acting as a spy on him, and that, despite all his efforts, he apprehended further difficulty. He then placed in my possession for safe keeping four boxes, containing all his private papers, including the result of his labors when in search of Sir John Franklin, saying that, as he might never return, he would not take them with him, and that as he did not wish to send them to America by the Congress he preferred to leave them in my charge."

"Was any reference ever made to the contents of those papers?"

"Captain Hall conversed more with my wife upon the subject than with me. I heard him say, however, that they contained some

IMPORTANT INFORMATION IN RELATION TO THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

which had never been published, and which he had determined to keep secret until after Lady Franklin's death."

"Did he assign any reason?"

"He was very reticent as to the revelations set forth in the papers, and seemed averse to have the matter brought up in conversation. But I understood him to say that out of sympathetic feeling for Lady Franklin, he intended to withhold from the public some startling facts he had discovered, among which was the positive proof that some of Sir John Franklin's men had eaten each other in the throes of starvation on the journey from Prince of Wales Island. He had made a thorough exploration of the locality and found in disputable evidence of cannibalism. He had also ascertained that the character of the Esquimaux in that part of the country was extremely bad, but he did not say much on the subject, intending to publish all upon his return to America. I intend sending the papers to the Secretary of the Navy to make what disposition of them he may deem proper. Captain Hall was very anxious about them, and would not take them with him on the Polaris."

"From what you know of the circumstances do you regard the death of Captain Hall from apoplexy as a strange event?"

"I did not believe it until the intelligence was confirmed. I thought perhaps that, accompanied by the Esquimaux, he might have made an expedition north, and that, owing to the dissensions on board, he had returned by another route. But as there seems to be no doubt of the fact I cannot help thinking that, despite the testimony taken at Washington,

HIS DEATH WAS NOT THE RESULT OF NATURAL CAUSES.

Everything induces to that opinion, for undue influence had been exercised over the crew to lessen the respect for her commander, and the jealousy of some of Hall's subordinates, taken in connection with the whole affair, leads me to the conclusion that there was foul play. I think the body of Captain Hall, which, I have no doubt, is still in a state of preservation, should be sought after and exhumed."

This, and much more, the Inspector communicated to me frankly and without hesitation. Besides, having read the facts already disclosed, he had evidently studied the subject with care; but, as the second chapter of the tragic tale has yet to be told by those whose lives are, for the present, sealed, I shall gladly dismiss the painful topic until such time as when, face to face with those over whom the clouds now hang so heavily, I shall learn the other side of the story.

And now, with a sigh of relief, I recall the events of the past few days. I must do so promptly, or be left alone in this northern wilderness, for the little steam launch will soon be away in the noble cause of humanity.

I have previously mentioned that Commander Braine made every preparation for the steamer Tigress upon her arrival at Godhavn, Disco Island, in the way of purchasing dogs, skins for clothing, and depositing for her in the government storehouse an ample supply of coal. I venture to state that rarely has such an amount of work been performed in such a short space of time. It is a source of some regret, however, that the sloop-of-war Juniata, which has thus far done so nobly, is not adapted for ice navigation, otherwise the Polaris mystery would be solved in a fortnight. Never have I seen, in all my experience, a more willing and sanguine set of officers, from the chivalrous and popular executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Edgar C. Merriman, down to the youngest midshipman on the vessel. With characteristic courage he headed the list of volunteers for any expedition the commander might deem expedient to send forth in quest of the missing party. His energetic efforts on board, however, could not well be dispensed with; but if ever a naval officer went heart and soul into an undertaking he has certainly done all for this perilous mission that duty and sympathy could dictate.

BOUND FOR UPERNAVIK.

Time warns me not to dilate on scenery or surroundings. Both were tame and barren, and as the starving mendicant dreams of the luxurious dishes of the epicure, so did we, gazing at the rugged rocks, as precipitous as a jail wall, and the cheerless icebergs, without number, seemingly inviting the ship to measure strength with them, think of the sunny slopes at home, of green trees, strawberries and fans. At noon on the 29th ultimo the Juniata weighed anchor and steamed out of the land-locked harbor. The farther we went north the nearer we felt we were to the Polaris, though where she was or what had become of her gave rise to more theories and speculations than a bank clerk could count in a day. The sea was smooth as glass and the Juniata made excellent headway. As we passed the Omenak fiord the glittering icebergs came bounding forth in dozens, but since we had become pretty familiar with their appearance they failed to impress us with any other idea than that they should have as wide a berth as possible. And yet they were very grand and picturesque, assuming every variety of shape from an old ruined castle to a marble dry goods store on Broadway. Some were colossal in their proportions, towering above the water more than 200 feet and nearly a mile in circumference.

IN A REGULAR FIX.

On the evening of the second day out a dense fog rendered it impossible to see a ship's length ahead, and although we were close by Upernavik it was deemed prudent to slow down. Well indeed was it that such a precaution had been taken. The choking mist increased in volume, and at midnight an iceberg ten yards off might have lain in wait for us with impunity. At two o'clock in the morning a startling cry was heard on deck, "Stop her!" "Hard aport!" and all hands turned out as if by magic. Not that the words betokened anything unusual in this region of eternal ice, but the sharp, ringing and stentorian tone in which they were delivered warned the company that danger was close aboard. Commander Braine was on the bridge in a twinkling. A steep precipice loomed up in the fog, and in an instant the Juniata would have struck. But the engine was reversed in the nick of time, and the noble ship, promptly answering her helm, just escaped destruction in 100 fathoms of water. One minute later and a direful disaster was inevitable. The pilot on the forecastle had done his duty in time. Delay was death, for the huge mountain rose perpendicularly from the sea and in case of accident, landing was impossible. But the interval was a terrible one between the time the pilot sung out and the happy moment when the vessel slewed off, barely saving her flying jibboom. Soundings showed that there was sufficent water to sink a dozen fleets, and so the vessel groped her way dead slow, groping her way through worse than pitchy darkness, only to find, however, that she was completely surrounded by towering crags, and that the entrance to this well nigh fatal harbor was a mystery. And so the anchor was let go. That it was a night of uneasiness for all I need scarcely state; not that we were in any immediate danger, but the locality was an enigma which the dissipation of the fog could possibly solve. The ice pilot and the Esquimau pilot, who said he knew every inch of the way, were bewildered, and so there was nothing for it but patience. Never did the faces of an anxious crew beam with such joyfulness as when the black cloud of vapor began to lift, and when at length the veil was drawn aside and the situation was fairly presented a feeling of surprise and gratitude prevailed. In the impenetrable fog we had left the coast and come with a circle of snow-capped peaks in the vicinity of Sanderson's Hope. How the Juniata steamed through the narrow entrance in safety could not be conceived, but the circumstance of the danger and escape will not readily be forgotten. I overheard the boatswain make a remark that "A little of that goes a long way," and I believed it.

A WOE-BEGONE COLONY.

We have of late become so accustomed to scenes of desolation that even Upernavik impresses us with about as much sympathetic feeling as does the self-asserted innocence of a criminal on the warden of a penitentiary. Time was, and that not over three weeks ago, when the sight of these Esquimaux settlements excited wonder and commiseration. But the repeated exhibition of the same miserable surroundings is apt to make people indifferent, and now that another colony, as bleak and lonely looking as the mind can well conceive, perches on the naked rocks a mile ahead, the howlings of hungry dogs, mud huts and blubber are at once suggested. Commander Braine was heartily welcomed by the Governor, Dr. Rudolph, a genial and accomplished gentleman, who has lived over thirty years in Greenland. He proffered every assistance in the way of procuring skins and other similar necessaries for an Arctic outfit. The doctor was once a surgeon in the Danish army, but his health failing him he accepted the post of physician to the colony of Godhavn, and was subsequently appointed as Governor of the place. He is just as refined as he is good natured, and is well known to all Arctic explorers for his hospitable characteristics. The officers of the Juniata became quite attached to him, more especially when he cleared out the carpenters' shop for a ball room and supplied a native fiddler, whose master effort was "Captain Jinks," a composition which was doubtless presented to the colony by some whistling English whaler. The population of Upernavik, which is the capital of the district, numbers about 150 persons, including about a dozen Danes and half breeds. It differs very little in its general appearance from the other settlements along the coast, but being the residence of the Chief Trader it has more than ordinary importance attached to it. For those fond of reading statistics no better retreat could be found.

THE STEAM LAUNCH EXPEDITION.

This was the event of the cruise. To this perilous undertaking all hands had looked forward with anxiety not unmingled with hope, and now that we had arrived at the scene where the stanch little boat was to steam away still further north to carry out the noble object of the noble mission. I have already called attention to the fact that there existed a well founded impression among those whom experience enables them to form a sound opinion that the Polaris, if not hopelessly crippled, was still at Northumberland Island awaiting the breaking up of the ice, and that, being well provisioned, it was highly probable her crew had remained on board. Having carefully weighed all the circumstances, and being warmly encouraged by the advice of ice pilots and others of well known experience, Commander Braine resolved to fit out the little steam launch to make a preliminary search as far as Cape York, in the hope that some definite information would be obtained there by which the future movements of the expedition could be guided. It was expected that the missing people on the Polaris would place signals at Cape York in order to attract the attention of whalers, and that thus their rescue would be effected. In case the officer commanding the steam launch should ascertain no news of the Polaris at Cape York, communication was to be made between that place and Northumberland Island. In fact, a judicious and needful experiment was to be tried while the opportunity presented itself, as the arrival of the Tigress was a matter of some uncertainty.

The Cruise of the Rescuing Steamer Tigress—Her Thorough Equipment—Bound for the Scene of Action—Meeting of the Steam Launch "Little Juniata" Off Tessuisak, North Star Bay—Scenes of Desolation and Painful Landmarks—What Was Seen from the Deck of the Tigress at Littleton Island—Polaris Camp and Surroundings—Disappointment—A Hurried Search.

GODHAVN, Disco Island, August 25, 1873.

The steamer Tigress has returned from the north. Few know it, for it's just daylight, and nearly all hands on the Juniata—all anxious for the fate of the missing crew—are wrapped in slumber. The vessel steams slowly into the little rock bound harbor; the word has passed fore and aft, and in less time than it takes to tell it the incoming steamer is watched by many with mingled feelings of wonder, admiration and fear. Has she succeeded?

BOUND NORTH.

The hopes of the expedition were centred in the Tigress. There was a charm attached to her. She had already done a noble deed, else Tyson's party had never lived to tell their harrowing tale. She had been fitted out expressly for the search—strengthened, manned and equipped with lavish expenditure. The Navy Department had done its duty in the noble undertaking. In a word, the Tigress was second only to the Polaris in the thoroughness with which she was prepared for the Polar seas. The Tigress weighed anchor at St. John's on the evening of July 26 and arrived at this port, and after a splendid passage of nine days. The Juniata had preceded her and landed coal for her use at the government storehouse, which the Danish authorities had kindly placed at the disposal of the lamented Captain Hall. She remained at Godhavn until August 8, when she steamed away for Upernavik, in the noble mission of humanity. Two days later she hove in sight, the Juniata awaiting her arrival. The fact that nothing was then known of the Polaris or crew seemed to give zest to the praiseworthy ambition of the adventurous party; and although they learned that a steam launch had already been sent ahead to obtain, if possible, any tidings of Buddington and his men, it was nevertheless hoped, and with reason, that the honors of the rescue would fall to the vessel specially fitted for the humane enterprise.

TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.

It was Sunday morning when the Tigress dropped anchor at Upernavik. Her commander manifested considerable zeal and energy in making his final preparations and was heartily co-operated with by the commanding officer of his faithful consort, the Juniata. She was again coaled on August 11, and the entire arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, steamed out to meet her for the ice and bring back to civilization the lost ones about whom the world was so much concerned. Amid three rousing cheers from the men of the Juniata—away far up in the rigging, where the simultaneous shout made the welkin ring—she started on her mission. That she might succeed was the wish of all, and when, in token of farewell, her flag was seen dipping in the distance, her great mission was appreciated more than ever. A heartier "God speed" no vessel was ever blessed with. Prepared for all emergencies the Tigress commenced her task. How she performed it will soon appear.

OFF TESSUISAK.

The hardy and intelligent hunter, Jensen, is perhaps the most contented man in the loneliest spot in creation, a man of fine physique and indomitable pluck, a full-blooded Dane and Governor of the settlement. Jensen boarded the Tigress off Tessuisak, where she had already proved her capacity in successfully bumping against the rocks, piloted her out through the islands in the vicinity and was transferred to the steam launch Little Juniata, whose daring and memorable cruise I have endeavored to describe. With the timely information communicated by the commanding officer of the gallant little craft, who, by the way, volunteered on behalf of himself and men to accompany the search expedition, the Tigress bade civilization adieu. On the following morning she sighted the Devil's Thumb, and without much ado steamed across Melville Bay toward Cape York. The passage so far was comparatively pleasant—smoother than those acquainted with its dangers had any reason to anticipate. The Tigress did not stop at Cape York, which she sighted at six A. M. on the 13th, but skirted the shore at a distance of three or four miles.

NO SIGNS OF LIFE.

While hastening to reach the point of destination—Littleton Island, where it was confidently expected some news of the Polaris or crew would be obtained—the Tigress hugged the land as far as circumstances would permit, but saw nothing that warranted delay. The coast is desolate in the extreme, rugged and forbidding, and woe betide the ill-fated mariner whom misfortune might cast ashore. It was thought, and perhaps with reason, that the party, well knowing the anxiety their absence created, would remain until the last moment; that, with provisions in plenty and a fair prospect of deliverance, they would not quit *terra firma* until the surrounding elements warned them to depart. Everything considered, the prospects were encouraging. Buoyed with hope and eager to carry out the objects of the undertaking the Tigress, steamed ahead. At times the speed was slackened, and powerful glasses were brought to bear upon the desolate shore; but every effort was in vain. No sign of life or human habitation could be discerned, and the vessel steamed onward. Cape Dudley Digges and other points were passed in quick succession. The object of the search was still ahead. Cheerily moved the stanch and stable craft, and every man on board, now thoroughly aroused to the fact that a triumph was near at hand, joined in the general verdict that the Tigress would add laurels to the American Navy.

NORTH STAR BAY.

It need not be described. It is stamped with the natural postmark of desolation. Long ago the Esquimaux squatted in its vicinity, and it has its little history in the fearful record of Arctic exploration. The Tigress cruised there in vain. Everything was motionless, dreary and forlorn. Pack ice was encountered, but the vessel passed through it as if chips of wood were strewn in her way. So far the capabilities of the vessel more than realized the expectations of all. She steamed around Saunders' island, and shortly after midnight on the morning of the 14th of August passed Cape Abernethy.

PAINFUL LANDMARKS.

Tyson and some of the survivors, whose escape on the ice floe so startled the world, were now on deck. What a recollection the present scene recalled to them! They were approaching the spot where the Polaris mystery had its birth. Strange enough, too, Northumberland Island in sight, and yet not a soul of the rescued party recognized it as the place where the Polaris was last seen by the people on the drifting ice floe. Sergeant Meyers, if I remember rightly, stated that this was the fatal spot—Northumberland Island—the scene where the curtain fell, so to speak, and where the exploring vessel was forever lost to sight. But the party on board did not recognize it and the inference was that Mr. Meyers had made a mistake. The Tigress having skirted the island steamed ahead. There was not a familiar landmark to be seen. On sped the vessel past the deserted camp at Netlik—once a well known settlement, now bereft of refuge—and thence to Whale Sound, and still the scene was unfamiliar. Meyers' chart was wrong.

THE ICE.

Hitherto the progress of the Tigress had been rapid. The season was unusually open. Had the object of the expedition been scientific instead of humane she could probably have gone farther north than any vessel that had ever preceded her. Up to this time the obstructions were trifling, and it was not until the vessel had left Northumberland Island that the old floe ice made its appearance. But the Tigress found no difficulty in making her way, for in the evening of the 14th she passed Cape Alexander and then hugged the shore of Hartstene Bay.

FAMILIAR SCENES.

The Tyson party, or rather the few of the famous ice-floe survivors who had accompanied the expedition, had hitherto remained silent, though watching keenly every landmark made so painfully familiar by former experience. As Cape Ohlsen was rounded the rocks in the vicinity were at once recognized as those which shut out the view of the Polaris, and shortly after the Tigress steamed toward Littleton Island. It was now continuous daylight, so that the operations were rendered comparatively easy. At a quarter past nine o'clock P. M. a boat was lowered and a party directed to make a preliminary examination. All hands were on deck and the greatest interest and anxiety prevailed. The boat had not gone fifty lengths from the ship when Commander Greer, who was on the bridge minutely scanning the surroundings, commanded silence. A deathly stillness succeeded, only to be broken by the faint sound of human voices which gradually became more distinct. It was thought, too, that a cheer was heard from shore. The retreating boat was ordered to pull in the direction whence the sound was heard.

"I SEE THEM, I SEE THEM."

Commander Greer continued to examine the shore with powerful glasses, but suddenly cried, exultingly,

"I see them! I see them!" A thrill of emotion went through every heart. Following with the eye the direction pointed out could now be plainly seen some moving figures, wearing, it was thought, sailors' uniforms, and a house and two tents. It was now believed that the great task had been performed, and mutual congratulations passed quickly on the apparently successful issue of the search expedition.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

In about an hour the boat returned from shore. All hands crowded to the ship's side, ready to receive the joyful news, but they were destined to be disappointed. The parties seen on shore were Esquimaux, from whom the information was received that Captain Buddington and party, fourteen in all, had passed the winter on the mainland, and having constructed two boats from the ship started south to Cape York, in the hope of meeting some rescuing vessel. As near as possible, the time was fixed as the middle of June, for the Esquimaux counted by moons, and the date, therefore, could not be accurately determined. They were also informed that the Polaris having broke from her moorings in a heavy gale had drifted into an adjoining cove and sunk. Then there was the further discouraging intelligence that not a complete record could be found by which some light could be thrown on the movements of the missing party. Worse than that, it was seen that the hand of destruction had been at work, for here and there were scattered broken instruments of every kind, torn and mutilated diaries and log books. Many of these articles were picked up and taken to the ship. In a tattered book was found the confirmatory news of the departure of the missing crew. Written in pencil and hardly legible was an item bearing date May, 1873, to the following effect:—

"Chester has just finished the oars from the bulwarks of the ship, and a very good job he made of it."

There was no signature. Then in an old diary was found a statement setting forth an agreement, signed by Buddington and Chester, that they would prosecute the search to the North Pole. But it was evident these resolutions had never been carried into effect. The hut was abandoned.

ANOTHER SEARCH.

These facts were narrated quickly. The effect on the listeners was apparent. Disappointment marked every face. Hardly satisfied with the search, and with the view of obtaining if possible some further satisfactory information, a boat was manned again, among its occupants this time being Commander Greer and Esquimau Joe, the interpreter. But the venture proved not more successful than the first. Perhaps the time spent in the investigation was by far too brief; but from whatever cause, little additional information was obtained. The Esquimaux on shore consisted of five men, two women and two children—not now dressed in sailors' clothes, as when first seen from the Tigress, but wearing the characteristic apparel of their own people. In reply to an interrogatory they stated they

CAME FROM POND'S BAY

and had passed the winter with Captain Buddington, who, before he left, had given them the Polaris, but that about two weeks after their departure a heavy gale came on, breaking up the ice, and that the vessel after drifting about two miles had sunk off the mainland. They subsequently pointed out the place, and it was found that the wreck lay in nine fathoms of water. A small iceberg had grounded over it. No effort was made to examine the sunken vessel.

A SCENE OF CONFUSION.

That the destruction of the instruments was deliberate there could be no doubt. The broken pieces lay scattered about in all directions. Books and manuscript were torn with design; but what the object was could hardly be conjectured. That the instruments were thus wantonly smashed by Buddington and his party it was difficult to believe, and so the theory prevailed that the Esquimaux, unacquainted with their use, had done the damage. Some more manuscript was found, but its discovery threw no light on the subject.

THE DESERTED HUT.

The Esquimaux were reticent, but seemingly well disposed. They conducted the party to the deserted camp where Buddington and his men had passed the winter. The place was desolate-looking. The frame of the building had been made from the ship's spars and covered over with canvas. It contained a long black walnut extension dining table and chairs taken from the ship, and ranged on either side were fourteen bunks, where the parties had slept. Among other articles to be seen was the ship's galley stove. The Esquimaux had now converted the place to their own use and turned it into a blubber house, from which issued the peculiar smell so characteristic of the Esquimaux habitations. Joe, the Esquimaux, conversed with the strangers, though he subsequently averred that he was

NOT ALLOWED SUFFICIENT TIME

to obtain any information. It was alleged, however, that Joe could not speak the dialect, but that assertion does not seem to have any ground. At all events the examination was hurried, for after half an hour the boat was quickly called away to the ship. The Esquimaux, it should be mentioned, stated that they had very little provision and no boats, and asked to be taken to Pond's Bay, but Commander Green did not accede to their request, and they were left behind.

THE THIRD AND LAST TIME.

Not satisfied, perhaps, with the search which had been instituted, and which had proved so unproductive of results, the executive officer and others again manned the boat and went ashore, but, with the exception of a few armfuls of books and other articles likely to prove of interest as relics, nothing important was discovered. One of the Esquimaux showed where the wreck lay, though little information seems to have been derived from them as to how the winter was passed, and, in fact, in relation to the circumstances of the missing crew. Had the Esquimaux been taken on board and subsequently interrogated at leisure, we would now, probably, be better informed on a subject only rendered more mysterious by

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